

TRIPPING CORPSE FOUR

Raymond Pettibon

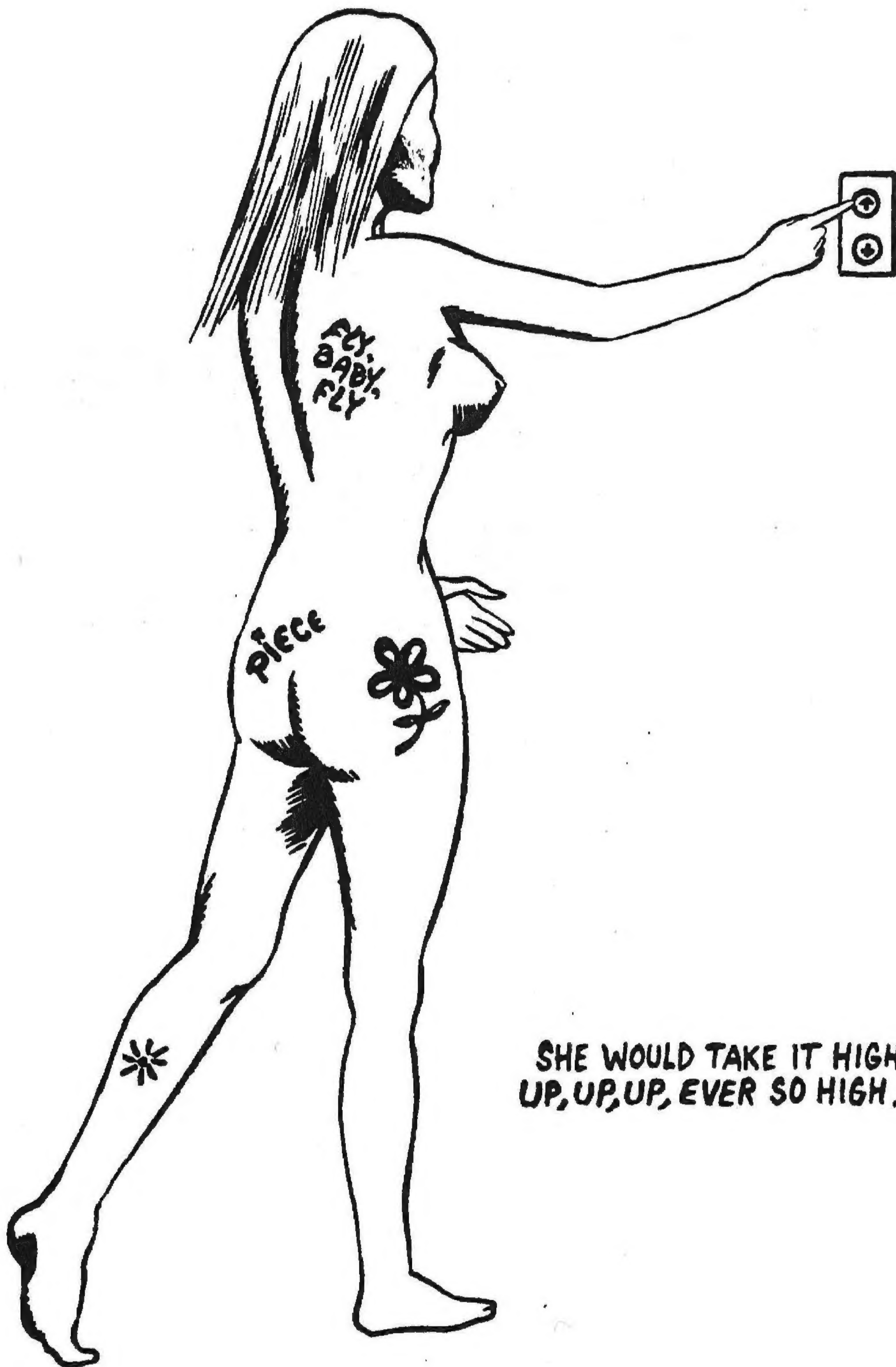


SST PUBS

\$1.25

TC4 AUG. 84. ©1984 by RAYMOND PETTIBON. SST PUBS.
PO BOX 1 LAWDALE, CA 90260. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

FOR CHARLIE.



SHE WOULD TAKE IT HIGH--
UP, UP, UP, EVER SO HIGH.

Lick this →
to taste
3500 "Mikes" of LSD



The Acid Trials, 1979
Mike Stott

microw.

December 23

At 9:07 AM I took acid again.
This time, 1½ hits. 9:34. There are
spots in front of my eyes.
Smoked some marijuana. Feel a
buzz in the abdominal region. 9:54
Feeling nervous. A football game is on.
The playoffs. Chicago vs. Philadelphia.
My feet have an intense buzz.

Some cut is outside the door. I
lose my perspective of
writing present into the

book or is this record of
what really happened. Only one
thought can dominate a

time and all reality is based
to that thought. That's why
I can't stop writing in
progression. Have to keep
the continuity of what I doing
going. My eyes are
seeing fluorescent color. They
cough, flamer & I'm caught

I really just don't what I'm doing. I can't keep a thought running without ~~handing~~ ^{with} — out conscious of what's going on. I have no overall command. Just thought now I'm whole. This LSD is very hard to keep control on. I'm keep saying. I sometimes lose account of what I'm writing how I'm writing? why I'm writing? What I am I doing I just trying

OK. 12:06 I'm very out of my mind. Sometimes I can sit back using perspective to set up references. Try to find the basic logic and proceed from there. I'm totally ~~so~~ overwhelmed by the ~~the~~ time dimension of ~~thinkers~~ and thought. I'm confused. I can write a straight line I'm stopping. Now I'm tripping on the fact that I'm experiencing the effects of two drugs.

I really don't know what the hell I'm doing
12:20 I can think now. I started
writing like that because I couldn't tell
what I was doing. I start wondering
whether I'm ~~monitoring~~ monitoring
my thoughts or acting them out
No reference No plan ahead. I
just start writing. But there is
a record. Some sense. I can
think about my writing

I've lost ~~the~~

I don't

OK so this dialog, what frame

I'm writing
I can historical reference

I can't look at book

I'm ~~writing~~

But I ~~still~~ still don't
what I doing
entirely no
training the

→ I can ~~concentrate~~

I can't concentrate
aldehydes, alcohols, aldehydes
Why am I

"poor turtles" for a few
rich this is the world of survival

I can't grow

→ I can keep thought
of all ~~of~~ J. M.

clump

See Admit

seed to

clump not aware of
aware

aware

aware

→

unk plays
adid

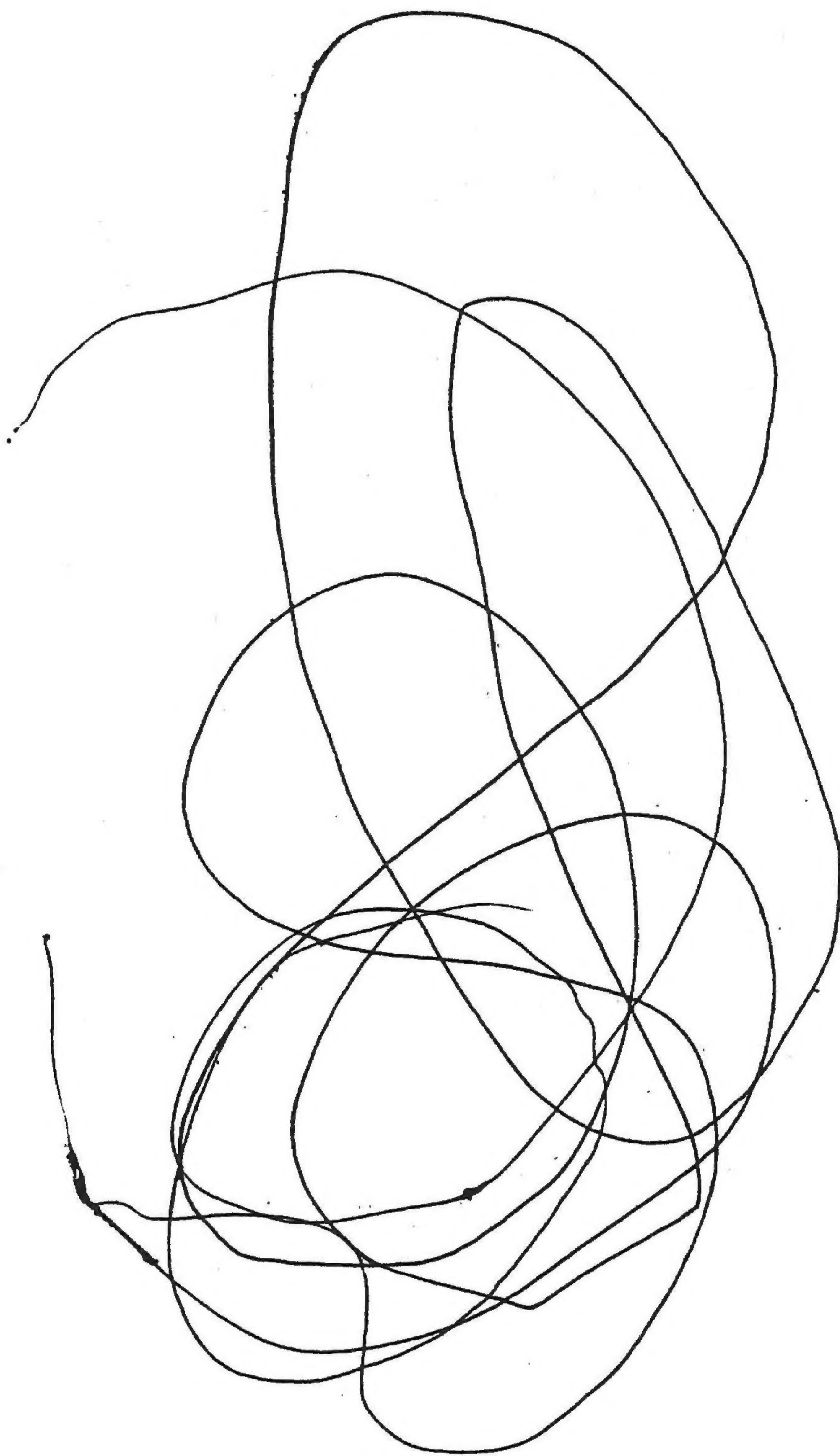
they used to
sing about aware

Mind not ~~too~~ tired. Full of
energy. light. I'm plugged in.

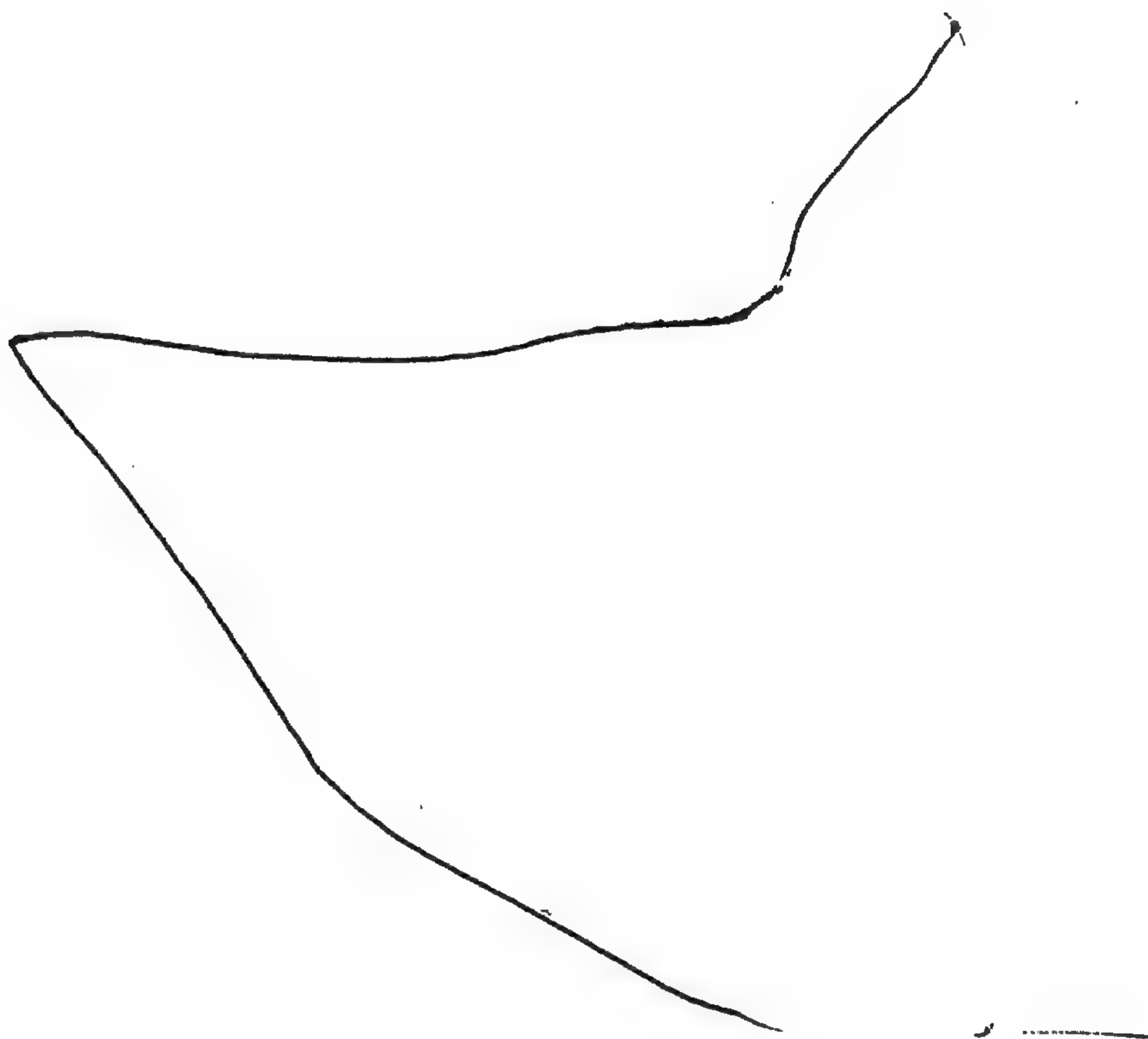
1:18 still wasted In a big
day. playing guitar ~~pen~~
feels ~~so~~

urn I ~~think~~





10 TC4



If there is no core to
the substance, wander on less
trapped psyche separate

isolated I feel I could begin a
novel and then my

eye see line line

Milkshake line lollypop

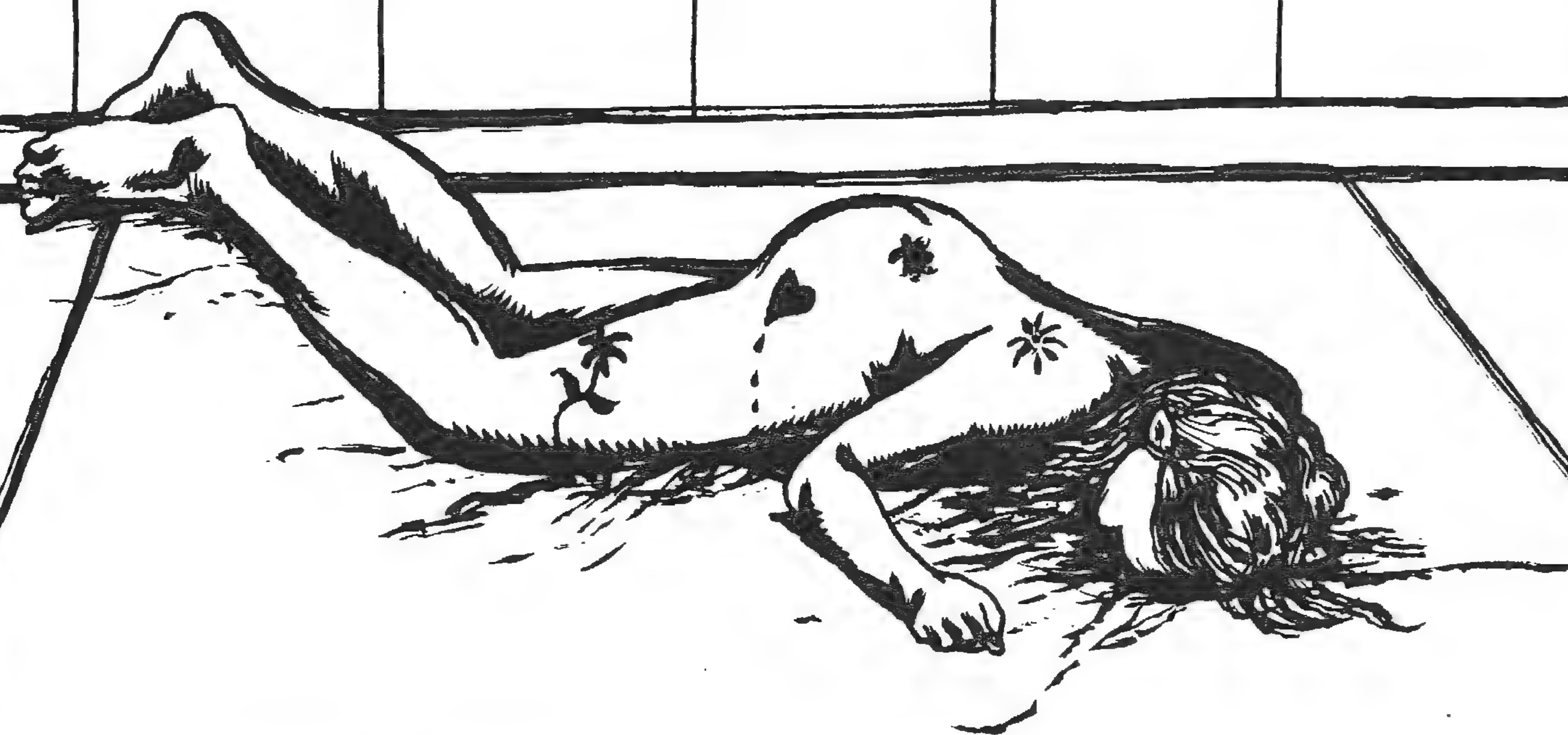
The whole point is to know
what I'm talking about

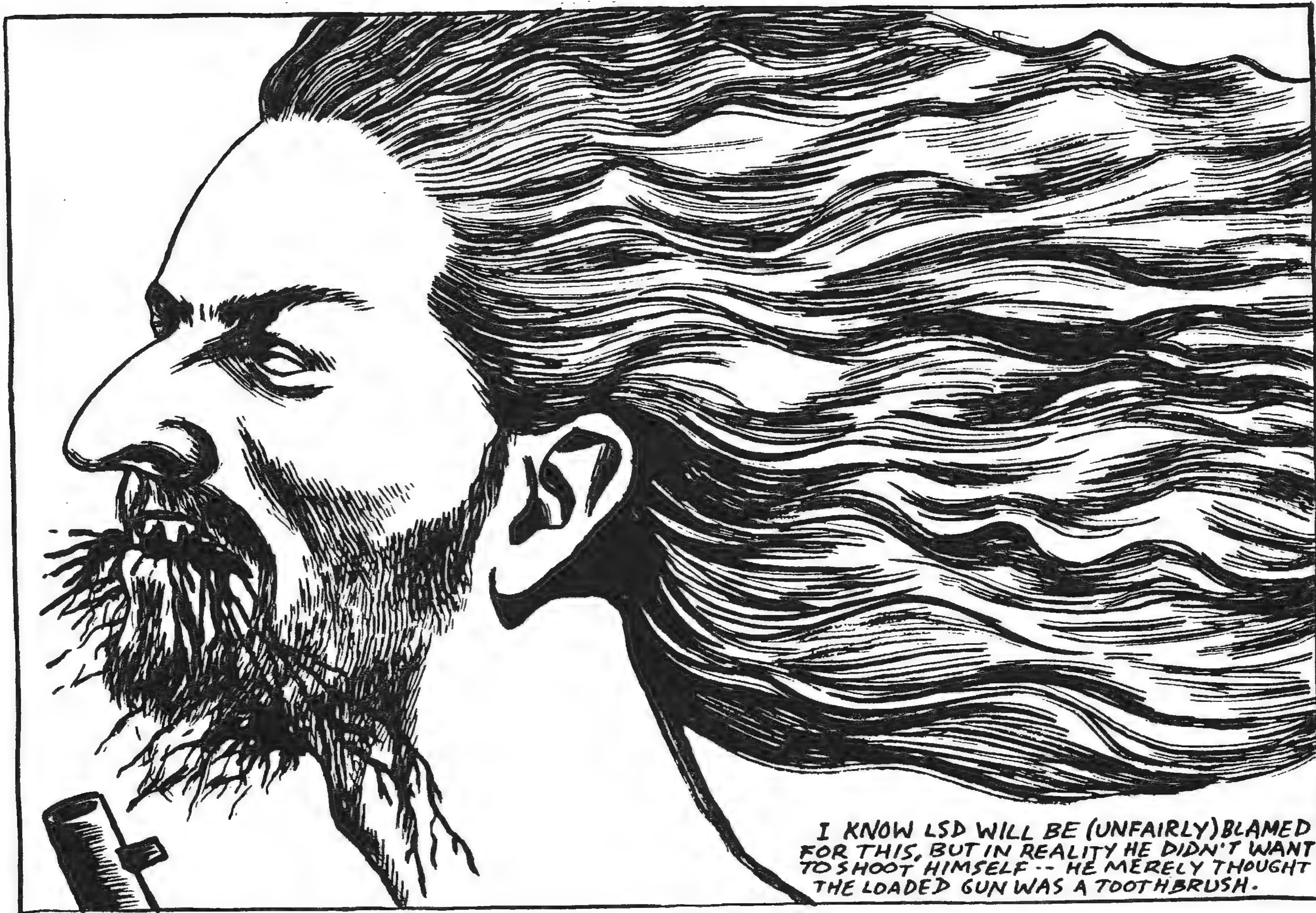
It's now 3:55 I am almost totally
straight. Traces of the LSD can be
felt in the mind. I feel mostly
tired. Anticlimactic.

DO WE HAVE TO
BELIEVE IN DEATH ?



LSD OVERDOSE.





I KNOW LSD WILL BE (UNFAIRLY) BLAMED
FOR THIS, BUT IN REALITY HE DIDN'T WANT
TO SHOOT HIMSELF -- HE MERELY THOUGHT
THE LOADED GUN WAS A TOOTHBRUSH.

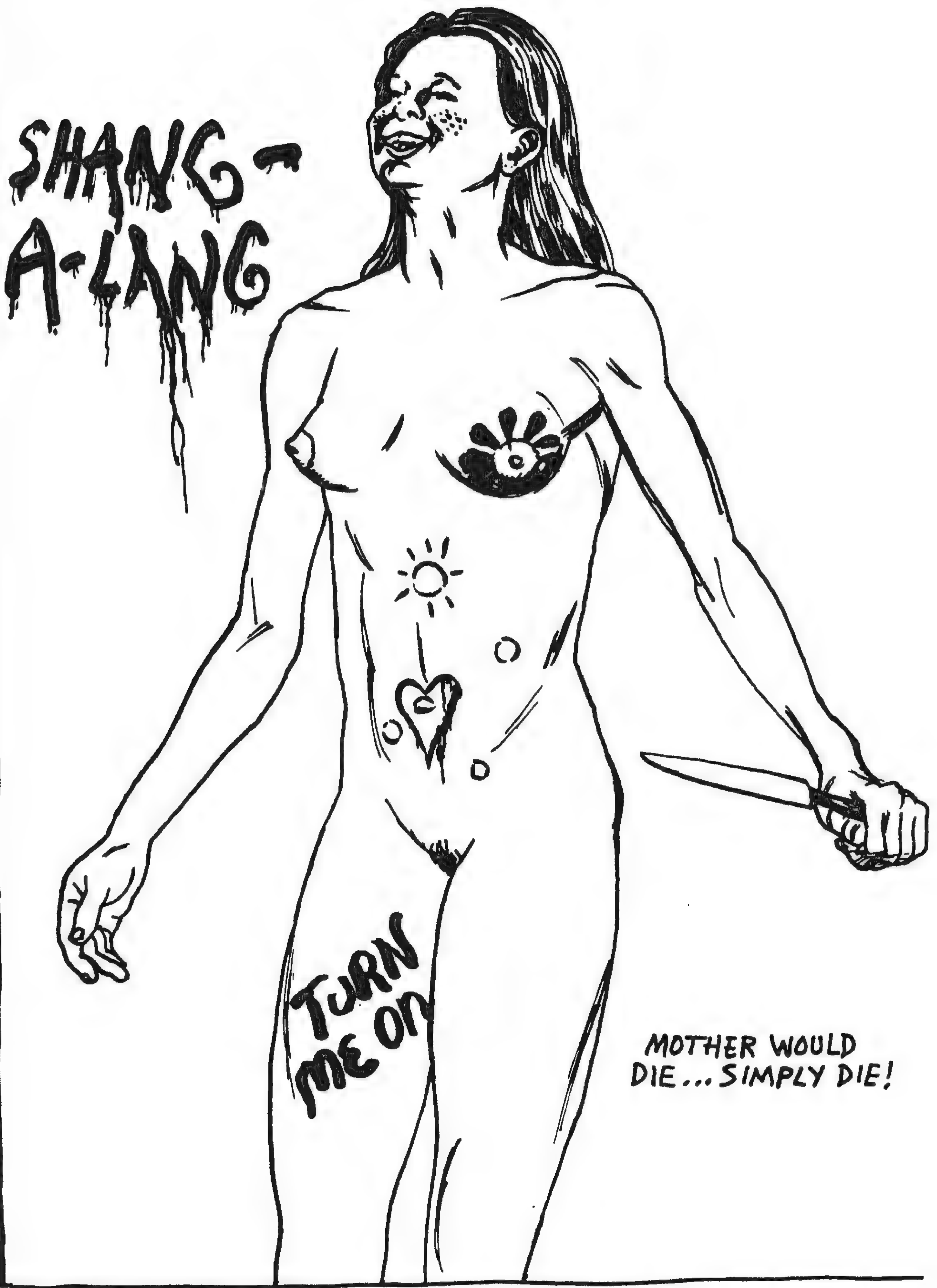
"COUNT THE NOTCHES
ON MY ROACH CLIP.
THAT'S HOW MANY
O.D.'S I'VE SERVED!"



FLOWERS FOR YOU,
DIANE, MY DEAR.





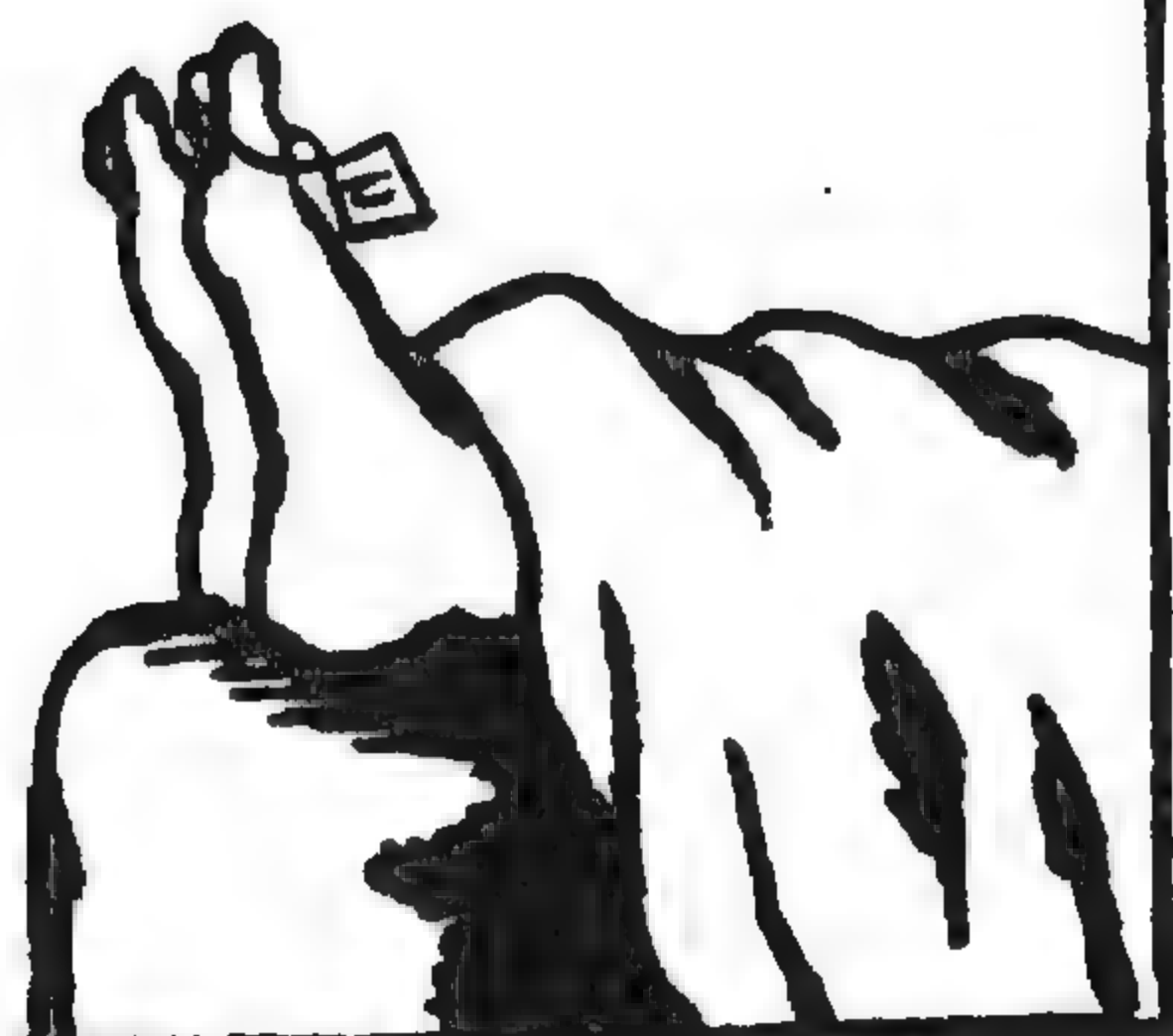




MY FIRST BELLS.



BAREFOOT.



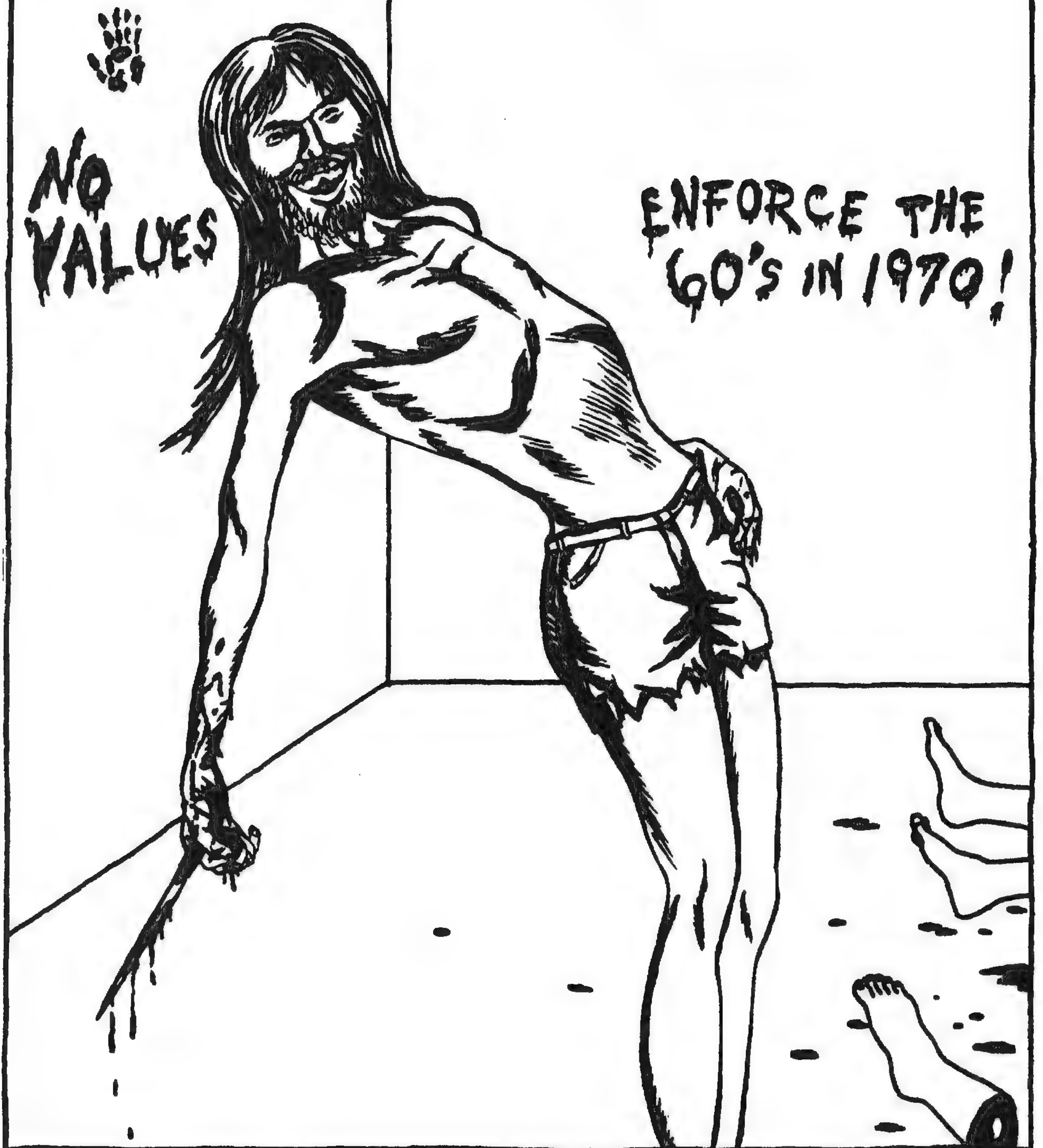
LOOKING FOR
HIS SOCKS.



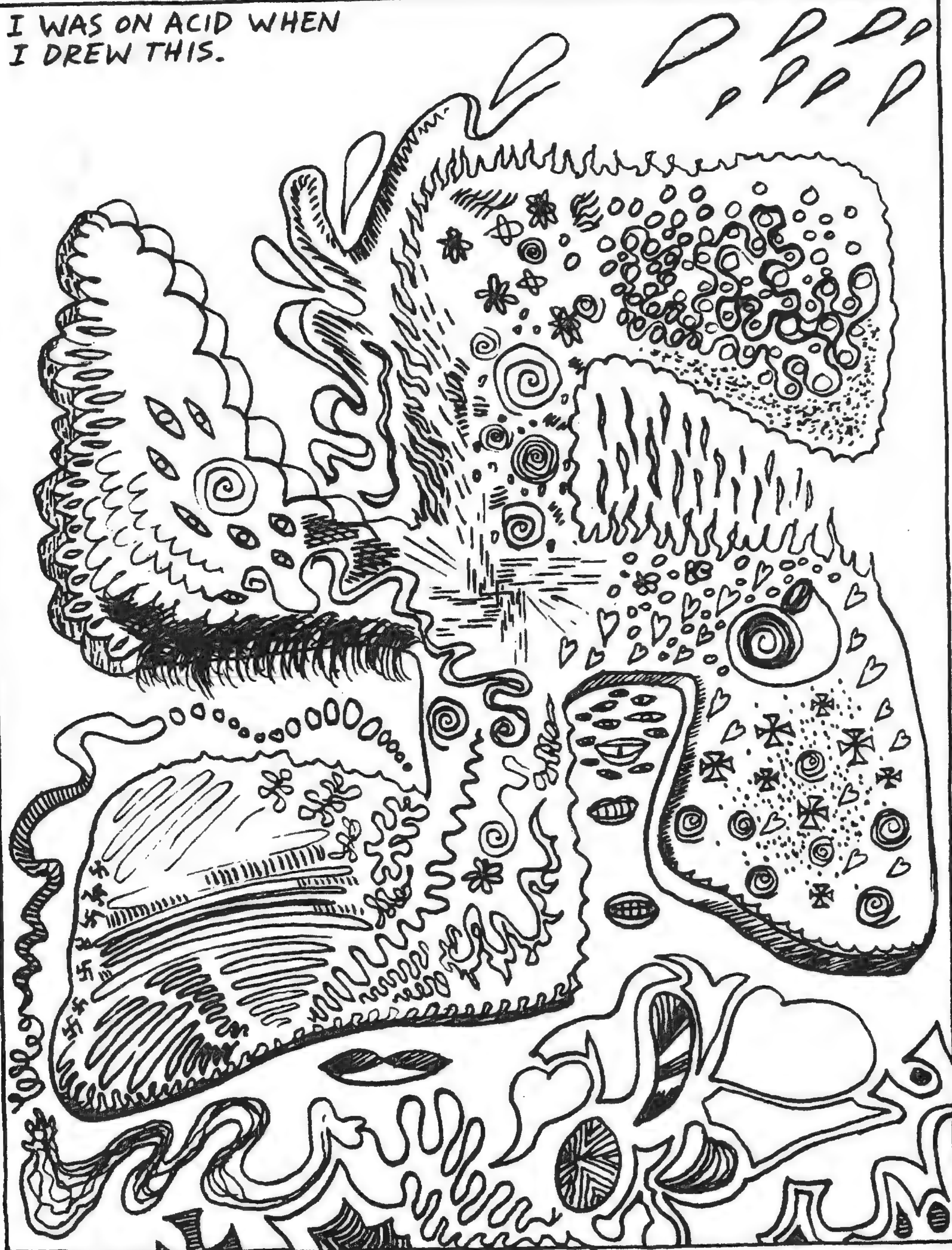
"OF COURSE, I'M A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR."

NO
VALUES

ENFORCE THE
60'S IN 1970!



I WAS ON ACID WHEN
I DREW THIS.





"F__KIN' WILD LSD!
D'YOU KNOW WHERE
I CAN GET SOME MORE?"

REPUBLICAN SENATOR'S SON.





TOOK LSD FOR
THE FIRST TIME.

